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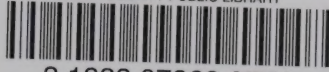
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 Forty-nine or seventeen.—Ex.

Last night I lay asleeping,
 I had a dream so fair;
 Methought I was a Senior,
 Without a single care.



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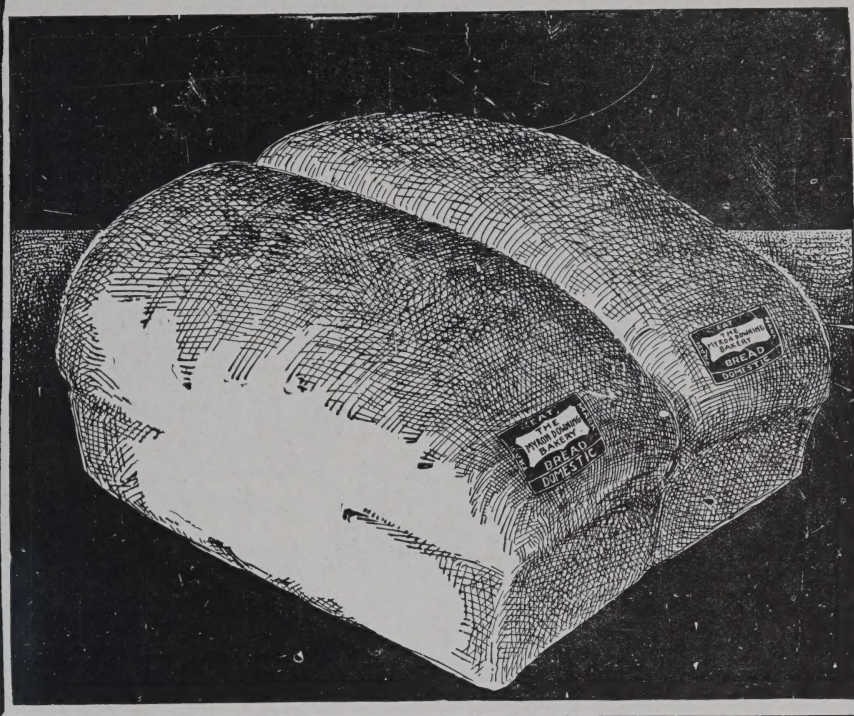
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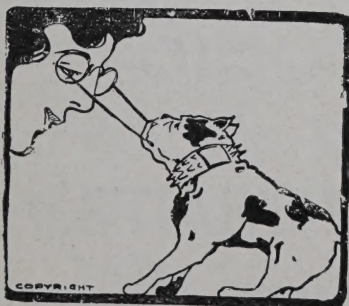
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'Tis wrong for any maid to be
Abroad at night alone;
A chaperone she needs, 'til she
Can call some chap 'er own.—Ex.

"Ma, who was Caesar?"
"Why, son, I'm ashamed of you; he
was the man who said, 'Eat, thou brute,'
when his horse refused his oats."



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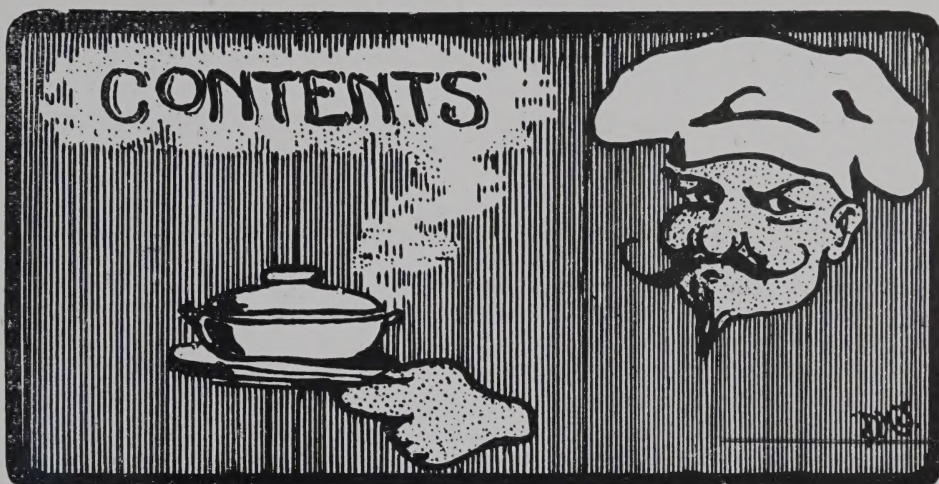
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GOLDEN, THE HATTER.

Kind Lady—"Little boy, why did you leave home?"

Little Boy—"Why, the mule kicked pa in the corn crib and I left."

'11—"I fell from a 20-foot ladder this morning."

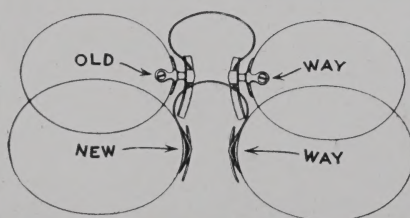
'14—"You did?"

'11—"Yes, off the first rung."

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"Liberty Street, America."

The pretty young musician slipped quietly into her place at the long Settlement dinner table.

"Miss Elder," said the biologist, "did you come home by way of Liberty Street this evening?"

Miss Elder nodded and looked around the table.

"Very foolish," said the Doctor; "that is surely one of the 'plague spots' of Chicago. Why, even my youngest and least knowing patients would rather lie than acknowledge they live in that slum of slums."

"Why do you always come that way?" questioned Miss Winthrop.

"Well, this is the way it started," explained Miss Elder, leaning back in her chair. "Often, as I passed the end of Liberty Street, I would hear wonderful strains of a violin from some tenement in that miserable quarter, so I came to pass along that square just to catch the exquisite music. At last I found the very door from which came my sad Italian melodies." She stopped, and looked up and down the table, with her disarming smile, then nodded, laughing; "Yes, of course I went in, and there, lying back in the wreck of a Morris chair, with a violin across her knees, was the most beautiful Italian girl I have ever seen. She turned her serious eyes toward me with a smile that was like a summons. Her music made an easy starting point for conversation, and—it isn't a pretty tale, nor a good after dinner story."

But they all insisted that a story, any story, was better than the statistics they had been discussing.

Miss Elder paused, and before continuing drew the fruit salad toward her and began to cut the crisp lettuce with her fork.

"This girl, Vittoria, and her father lived together in Genoa, Italy. About a

year ago a letter arrived from a brother from whom they had not heard for a long time. He wrote them that he lived in America, in the city of Chicago, on Liberty Street, and for them to come to the 'land of the free!'

"So they saved and scraped together what they could; the brother, Antonio, sent some money, and they started for Liberty Street, in 'free America.' Then, when they were almost in sight of their new home, only one-half hour in the wonderful city of Chicago, they were in an accident, the father was killed and Vittoria knocked senseless.

"She could scarcely tell me of her horror, when, after she came to consciousness, and begged to be taken to Liberty Street, she was told this was Liberty Street. 'When I knew myself again,' she said, with her beautiful Italian accent, 'I was here, with an injured back, and I shall never walk again. My brother is good to me, but he works hard and he is gone all day, so I live with my violin on Liberty Street; but,'—she shuddered and bit her lip. I bent forward and took her little brown hand in mine. 'But, Vittoria,' I said, 'what did you and your father expect Liberty Street to be? Was it so different?'

"'Different,' she exclaimed, covering her face with her hands. 'Why, I expected to see a great long boulevard, with splendid houses on each side, and rows of tall trees and many flowers, and probably at the end of the avenue would stand a marble statue of the Goddess of Liberty.'"

For a moment a hush fell on the dining room of that great Chicago Settlement. Then Miss Elder, after slipping her napkin into the silver ring, said: "And so, for the sake of Italian Vittoria, I come home by way of Liberty Street, in free America."

D. D. D., '14.

The Swede.

They called him "The Swede" at the Institute. He was huge of body, brawny of arm, unshaven of face. His hands were as huge as hams. His little blue eyes were deep set, under shaggy blond eyebrows.

He had come into the Institute one day and accosted a slim-fingered artist. "I bane tank I paint," he said. The me paint," said the "Swede" again, the guttural tones of his voice echoing through the suddenly quieted room. "I take lesson."

He was given a table, a brush and paints. His big hands moved slowly, but with marvelous precision. The painting he submitted to the curious teacher was crude in the extreme, but in it there was strength incarnate—a power behind the painted smudges on the paper. The artist started. "You can paint," he remarked, and all the young aspirants, in their sleek, well-fitting clothes, looked with envy at the big fellow in his awkward dress.

And so the big Swede was duly enrolled. Each morning at 9 he appeared, took his instructions with almost a submissive manner, and silently stooped over his work until he accomplished something worthy of his quiet effort. He won the respect of his fellow-students, yet none of them had ever said more to him than to wish him a smiling "Good morning," and he had never spoken in response, except to mumble a gruff "How do." Even when, big, clumsy fellow that he was, he knocked over Miss Ellington's stand, spilling the messy paints all over her smart, spotless white dress, he only looked the remorse he felt, for his scant English vocabulary

held no phrase that meant, "I am sorry." But he tried to make up for his carelessness by perpetually divining some little thing to do for her. He invariably cleaned her brushes, carried her easel, did all the little gallantries in his big, clumsy, stupid way, so that the youth of the class teased her about her "Swede." She blushed, denied his fondness for her, but secretly was pleased at the big fellow's admiration. Her big, childish, blue eyes widened with pleasure when he came toward her. The infatuation of the "Swede" was a matter of much interest among the students.

But one day he stepped up to the director and said that he wanted to be changed to the night class. "Why?" asked the artist, surprised.

"I haf new chob," answered the Swede.

"Job?" cried the instructor in amazement; "why, man, have you been holding a job and attending art school, too?"

"I work night," answered the Swede. "I call station on high car (elevated); now I paint iron work; more pay."

"So you have been staying up all night, calling stations, and working here all day?"

"Yes."

And so, accordingly, the big Swede was transferred to the night class.

The instructor spread the story around the class that afternoon. Many of the young, silly girls were disappointed. They had weaved stories about him, imagining him the son of a Swedish Baron, who came to America to study, etc., etc., as silly young girls will. But the members of the class who had a

higher sense of values than those based on things worldly, such as money and titles, admired the fellow's pluck, and he received many a hand shake and many a cordial "Good-bye."

But Miss Ellington waited until all the rest had gone. She was sure of this man; she thought he was her sworn slave, and she believed his motive for changing classes was in order to escape her, because he realized the futility of his love. She was sorry, but a bit of the flirt lurked in her nature, and an avowal of love sounds sweet to any woman. Since it would not come voluntarily, she would force it. She laid her slim little hand upon his great arm. "Swedie," she purred softly, "they say you are going; I don't want you to go."

The big fellow looked at her. He took her flower-like face in both his hands and looked long into her sea-blue eyes. His face lighted with a strange soul glow. She became frightened. "It is chust like my Mina," he said, breathing deeply. "Oh, dose eyes, dose eyes of my Mina."

"Why I go?" he said. "See." He took a savings bank book from his pocket and opened it to her astonished gaze. "See, I safe wat I earn and send it back Sweden fur die Mutterchen and Mina. Soon I get enuf they will come, den Mina and me marry." His face was radiant at the thought. "Money come slow," he continued, "but I not need much." Then, "You look like Mina," he said, "only not so pretty. But pretty for an American Frau."

She stamped her foot in anger. "So that is why you've been—you've—

you've—" she broke off suddenly.

"Yes," he answered, smiling. "You look like Mina, only not so pretty." Something in the big fellow's utter frankness and bigness of heart struck the girl forcefully. She was ashamed of herself, and she admired this big, steadfast fellow as she had admired no other man. She longed to do something for him. The size of the bank account proved that he was living on practically nothing. She unclasped a pin at her throat, a beautiful pin, brilliant with jewels. "Here," she said, handing it to him, "send this to Mina." And she was off before he had time to recover.

That night he pawned the pin; it considerably swelled the bank account toward the mother and Mina's journey.

The next day he took up his new work. We have said that he was clumsy. He was leaning at a dangerous angle, painting a precarious bit of iron work, when one huge foot slipped, and in a moment the people in the street below were standing with uncovered heads around a huge, still figure on the pavement. The bank account was nearly exhausted by his funeral expenses. No one of his co-workers knew anything about him, except his name, and no one thought to ask concerning him at the big Institute two blocks away from where he fell. Such things happen in Chicago. So Mina and the Mutterchen never received the hard-earned money. And the instructor at the Art Institute is wondering to this day what became of "Miss Ellington's Swede," who gave promise of such great things.

Pan.

They called him Pan, these emotional children of the old Latin quarter, for the very simple reason that he seemed to them to be the incarnation of the old Arcadian god. Pan was an artist of repute among his struggling fellows. He had won two medals, a mention, and his "Echo" hung in the salon.

Pan stood in his studio beneath a mellow, gold, glowing light, bearded face upturned, nostrils flaring, feet planted wide apart, and arms folded. There was that in his tense attitude suggestive of the old leering satyr. The yellow light slanted across his pallid face, sharpening the outline of the shaggy black brows, thin sneering lips, shadowing the long-lidded eyes and intensifying the goat-like expression.

The air in the studio was filled with the blue haze of cigarette smoke, heavy with the reek of stale wine fumes. Three artists lolled lazily on a huge divan, their half-emptied wine glasses loosely held in their fingers. Four others sat about a long, low, flower-covered table. From time to time the men filled their glasses and puffed on their cigarettes. The motley group was silent, listening intently to Pan, who had begun to talk.

A slim, sinuous, black-haired girl, wrapped in a flaming rose-red cloak, perched on the arm of a carved ebony throne, one bare arm thrown back off her head. Her glowing eyes were fixed fascinated on Pan's malign face. Occasionally she leaned far forward, her bright crimson mouth tremulous with emotion, penciled brows expressive of her every thought.

"So!" cried Pan, "I have worked on my masterpiece all through the days—

all through the days. Slowly I rose to the heights of my creation—to the heights my creation demanded of me. I was as one inspired by a power greater than that within my own soul. When the light was bad I was insane with rage. The time I had to waste! You understand, friends, what it is to see time go."

"Yes, yes," chorused the men; "we know, we know!"

"When I was shepherd boy, playing on the hills of Greece, I conceived the idea of my masterpiece. I lay asleep among my sheep, and upon waking I beheld the most beautiful woman on God's earth. Her skin was snow white, her eyes deep violet, her hair gleaming gold. She was clad in a white, clinging, fragrant garment, the like of which I have never seen since. About her were the nymphs. I arose and followed her across the pathless mountains to the sea. I followed her through caves, to springs. I plucked reeds and made for myself a flute. I became a god of music, of dance, of dreams. I was Syrinx's lover, Pan, the satyr."

"Pan! Pan!" shouted the artists. "Pan—you are Pan. The Pan of old. Behold, we drink to you."

"Yes, I am he," cried Pan, throwing back his head and laughing wildly, "and I worship Syrinx and Echo."

Above the laughter, the clink of glasses and stamping of feet there was the sound of a quick-drawn breath. It came from the girl in the rose-red cloak. "The lover of Syrinx," she whispered, and struck her heaving breast with her clinched hands. A little Frenchman, whose black waxed mustache points

nearly pierced into his bright, black eyes, heard the sound, and turned in time to catch both the action and the remark. He looked at the girl, and she started back, hard-eyed and bitter-mouthed.

"Jealous of a dream woman?" he scoffed, throwing a dull, velvet-leaved rose at the girl. She sneered at the little artist and crushed the flower in her fingers.

"Does it concern you, Jock?" she whispered, fiercely.

The little Frenchman shrugged, and tossed a second rose. Then he leaned toward the girl, his face pleading.

"What is to become of poor Leips, your lover?" he asked.

"He is nothing to me, Jock," said the girl, wearily. "His love is a burden to me."

"Gessa," said the little artist, running his thin fingers through his hair, "Leips is a good fellow. He adores you. He is mad with jealousy because you prefer Pan; and Pan, he loves no one but Syrinx and Echo, his creations. Be a good girl, little Gessa. All this—why, it is making you unhappy. Go to poor Leips, like a good girl, for he is a fine fellow."

A sudden silence fell over the room—a hushed, expectant silence. Pan had pushed a huge draped easel under the gold, glowing light. With a quick motion he flung off the soft, sheering green cover. The silence was broken by the quick sobbing breath of the girl on the chair arm. The yellow, mellow light slanted across the life-sized figure of a radiant woman, robed in shimmering, clinging, white stuff. The beautiful body was half-turned toward a spring, but the face looked back over her white shoulder, expectation in the wondrous eyes and on the soft, curving lips. Grouped about her were nymphs, in pale green, swirling robes. The coloring was exquisite. The sunlight, playing

through the trees, left moving shadows. The artists could breathe spring from the grassy field, sown with little yeollow flowers. The picture was nature, therefore it was a masterpiece.

"She breathes; she is alive!" cried a bronze-bearded artist. He arose from the table, overturning wine bottles and scattering flowers on the floor in his excitement. With one accord the rest leaped to their feet and crowded about the easel, exclaiming, criticising, praising, pushing and shouting.

Above the din and hubbub there came a sharp sound of rapping. The door at the further end of the studio opened. A tall, slender boy entered, wrapped in a brown cape. From beneath the shadow of his broad-brimmed hat two glowing eyes searched the throng, and rested finally on the sinuous, slender girl in the rose-red cloak, pressed against Pan, her lips parted, wide-open eyes fixed on Pan's face jealously. The boy's face grew pitifully pained. His hands trembled at his sides.

"Gessa!" he called. The girl did not hear. She was listening to Pan. In fact, no one appeared to notice the stranger, so intent was each upon the canvas. At last Pan turned a leering, sneering face upon the boy.

"Oh, it is you Leips. Welcome, mon ami. Have some wine? No! Well, here is my masterpiece. Look well, you. Some day you can paint as I do," he jeered. "Have courage. Be of good cheer! Ah, observe, he cannot leave off looking."

Leips's dark Italian face grew sullen. He was unable to draw his eyes away from the magical canvas. Pan laughed and shrugged. He pushed Gessa roughly toward the boy. Leips saw the action and his face went white and red by turns, while his tortured soul stared from his glowing eyes straight at Pan. The group of artists drew aside and exchanged glances, nudging one another

the while.

"You may take your Gessa home now, Leips," said Pan lightly. "Her work is done," waving his long, lean hand toward the painting.

"Pan! Pan!" pleaded the girl, "let me come once more, once more; there will be more pictures. I am a good model. Oh, there will be more pictures; let me come!"

"No, no more. I go back to Greece soon now—to Syrinx." Pan turned with a strange expression and looked into the expectant eyes of the waiting woman on the canvas. "Already she has waited too long, too long." Suddenly the artist buried his face in his hands and sobbed. His fellows crowded about him and looked their astonishment.

"You've worked too hard," cried Leo, a big, blonde, blue-eyed Frenchman. "Come, we go, all of us, so you can rest. The picture—it is a masterpiece; fine, fine work." He patted Pan's shaking shoulders affectionately.

Gessa was pulling furiously away from Leips, who held her wrists firmly. "Let me comfort him," raged Gessa; "let me go, Leips. I—I do not care for you. I love Pan." Defiantly she flung back her head and met Leips's eyes, and saw the agony in their clear depths. "Oh, Leips, Leips," she gasped. "I—I'm so sorry, sorry. You are so good to me; so tender; so true; and I could care for you so if I'd never seen Pan." She burst into a sudden paroxysm of sobbing, and allowed Leips to lead her from the room.

The artists looked about for their hats.

"Do not go," pleaded Pan, "not yet. Stay a little, brothers. Talk to me. Drink up the rest of my Eamembert and old Chianti. Why, it is morning but an hour."

Pan lit some flaring gas jets at one end of his big studio, pushed forward some old Florentine furniture for his friends to loll upon. On the wall hung

some rare old altar cloths. Thrown carelessly on a shelf were odd bits of bric-a-brac, a flute and a statue of Pan. Leo lifted a piece of tapestry and discovered beneath it a painting of the hills of Greece. Lying among his flock of sheep on the hot, sunlit grass was a shepherd boy. Beside him stood a misty figure of a tall woman.

"She is Syrinx," whispered Pan, as I first saw her."

There was something in Pan's voice that inspired terror and a sudden panic in Leo's breast.

"You don't mean these things about Syrinx?" he asked.

"Mean them," murmured Pan. He pressed his face close to Leo's. His long-lidded eyes flared wide. Leo tried desperately to draw back, but Pan held his gaze.

"It is all true," he said, in a low, tense voice, "all true. I am Pan. I love Echo and Syrinx. I am going back to the hills of Greece and find them, and make for myself a new flute."

Leo laughed, his lips stiff. "I'll believe you have long ears next, and hoofs," he said. "You're mad, Pan, from overwork."

Pan lifted the long hair from off his ears.

"My God!" cried Leo. Then Pan laughed a leering, sneering satirical laugh.

"Who was your model for this exquisite figure. Not Gessa?" called an artist from across the room.

"I had none; Gessa posed for one of the nymphs."

"This one beside Syrinx?"

"Yes."

"Say, Pan," called a drunken, white-haired sculptor, who lay full length on the divan, "ware of Leips. He is gone quite mad with jealousy over Gessa's preference, and by the good God, I'd swear she is mad that you worship Syrinx."

Pan laughed loudly. "Did you observe Leips's expression?" asked little Jock. "I am fearful for you, on my honor, I am."

"She'll rip up your picture," drawled the old sculptor, "and Leips will break your neck."

"Or hers," said Leo with a shudder.

"Leips loves Gessa—Gessa—she is a wildeat—she—" Here the sculptor rolled off the couch and fell to snoring.

Rough house followed, and not until grey dawn was the studio emptied, leaving Pan before his easel, devouring the painting with his eyes.

(To Be Continued.)

WALTER'S LATEST.

Of Walter Wellman's latest trip,
And therefore of his latest slip,
And also of his latest dip,
We read, this month, in "Hampton's."

The story's told from end to end;
Needless to say, it does not tend
To take the praise from Walter's end
Of all these operations.

His plan to benefit mankind,
With offsprings from his master mind,
To doubt some people seem inclined;
All this makes Wellman wrathful.

Good Walter tells the tale himself;
He says they were not after pelf,
Consigns his critics to the shelf,
And to redhot perdition.

He says the voyage was risky, quite,
Because o'er water, day and night,
That 'twas an epoch making flight,
And, possibly, heroic.

O, Walter, ne'er, I fear, could you,
I do not care how strong the brew
That had enlarged a person's view,
Be called, by chance, laconic.

Walter, my boy, with shame turn pink.
On reading all that wasted ink
One really might be led to think
You thought you were some one.

M. K. B.



THE CALDRON

Published monthly during school year by the students of the Fort Wayne High and Manual Training School, at Fort Wayne Ind.

Entered as second-class matter February 2, 1910, at the post office at Fort Wayne, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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Kenneth Lane.....	
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It is with regret we announce that our faithful editor-in-chief has resigned her post. Let us say that never has a more conscientious and hard working person been chosen for this position than she who has found it necessary to give it up. Sadly we realize that our paper has lost an experienced leader, who was able to carry us through all perils. With sorrow we bid farewell to our chief, and take up our burden with fear and trembling. May the coming months bring you, readers, a paper which you will enjoy and which you will feel is worthy of your school.

In passing, let us urge you to realize that to make this a paper worthy of your school you, yourselves, must have your part in the making of it. If you are inclined to look about and say, "There are many others, let them do it," remember that you, also, have a duty in it, and that fault finding, like charity, should begin at home. Let each one of you take a part, and remember that "United we stand, divided we fall."



Miss Kolb (in history)—“Now, I will be the treasury of the United States.”

Following are the remarks made by the wits in the back row:

First Voice—“Government treasury full; call in the ambulance.”

Second Voice—“Treasury is broke; call in the creditors.”

Third Voice—“No one here in favor of the treasury system.”

Fourth Voice—“The treasury has been in existence a long time.”

Fifth Voice—“Will you marry me?”

Sixth Voice—“What do you think of the red roof on the treasury?”

How would you like to be a Comp. teacher? Following are some extracts from Compositions written by the green herd:

1. A freshman who saw that there was a house with a rear porch projecting up near the schoolhouse ran to the back of the lot, procuring a ladder and clumb to the top of the porch and placed it with one end in the window of a burning building and the other where he stood, then called the attention of a young man within and by this method saved many lives.

2. He had been Mrs. Van Skey's favorite riding horse when a girl.

3. The dog would carry a large basket filled with cakes and other things which Fred's mother had sent in his mouth.

4. He was put to death by an electric shock and it was such a blow that he never recovered.

5. One afternoon Mary found Ruth sitting on a basket, which was turned upside down eating grapes.

6. A lawyer must lie and so Stevenson couldn't be one, also because he didn't have strong enough lungs.

7. The young man was taken to the babies' home where the mother was extracted.

8. At the age of six years, his father died.

We wonder what would happen if:

R. Hartt had a girl; if:

Charlie and Pinky would have a tiff; if:

Miss Kolb should just once be absent from school; if:

Mr. Ward should make an announcement without tacking on a spiel of his own; if:

Phil Randall would find out the secret of the writing on the desk in room 20; if:

Don knew about the aforesaid; if:

Mergel Giles could decide which of the fair sex is his real affinity; if:

Everybody in the school would buy a “Caldron”; if:

The people who slam the “Caldron” loudest were not the ones who do least in the way of improving it.

The Log of the Good Ship "Chester T. L."

Being An Official Record of Her Voyage of 1910-11.

Dec. 2—Passengers bravely received the sad news that Chaplain McCormick had taken a shore leave for one day.

Dec. 12—Mutiny in cabin 22.

Dec. 13—A sign in cabin 20 announced, "Mate Von Khalden's classes will recite hereafter." (Oh, Death, thou hast thy sting.)

Dec. 16—More mutiny in 22.

The orchestra in cabin 18 seems to be a thing of the past. For particulars consult Second Mate Ritter.

Dec. 23—The good ship pulled into port at 11:40 a. m. Much repoicing. Greetings were exchanged and the passengers disembarked, and started upon a gay tour of sightseeing.

Dec. 29—The ship gave a lurch, and O'Rourke realized that "there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Jan. 3—The good ship could scarcely resume its voyage, as so many of the crew were unable to answer at four bells, due to a ball at the famous Hotel Palace de Antone.

Jan. 5—Fair weather and smooth sailing.

Jan. 7—Reports from the pilot house confirm grave rumors of breakers ahead. Many suicides contemplated.

Jan. 12—A very edifying lecture was delivered in cabin 18 by Third Mate

Ward, entitled "Your Neighbor."

Jan. 13—Friday, the 13th—a day of sorrow, especially for all German passengers.

Jan. 16—A wireless was received by the pilot from Mate Von K. All reports were favorable.

Jan. 23—Due to the sudden and unexpected appearance of Chaplain McCormick on the second deck, all passengers hasten to their staterooms, Joan of Arc being the only privileged character.

Jan. 27—Announcement was made that a landing would be attempted to relieve the boat of some of its load.

Feb. 1—The customary farewell ball was given in honor of the departing crew.

More later.

Feb. 3—Great excitement. The good ship made a safe landing. Several of the crew bade the pilot and other officers farewell. In the excitement Business Manager O'Rourke jumped overboard. Much sorrow is felt by the staff (especially certain members of it).

Feb. 6—There is a general changing of staterooms.

Feb. 7—A large number of foreign passengers of the steerage were discovered roaming about on the second and third decks. None seemed to know where they belong, but with the aid of Pilot's Assistant Bort they were assembled in their new quarters.



ociety

On New Year's afternoon the doors of the "Hermitage" were thrown open and welcome hands were extended to the many guests who called to give the season's best wishes to the "Hermits."

* * *

Miss Myrtle Graeter entertained a large number of her friends at two parties which she gave on the afternoon and evening of Saturday, January 21.

* * *

Miss Dorothy White held a beautifully appointed luncheon at her home on West Berry street on Thursday, December 29.

Miss Phyllis Randall gave a chafing dish supper on Friday evening, January 6.

The Juniors gave the annual complimentary dance for the Seniors at Harker's Hall on Thursday evening, February 2.

* * *

Miss Mabel Grubb gave a delightful little party at her home on Monday afternoon, December 26.

* * *

The Phi Delta Kappas had a hay rack party on Friday evening, January 20. They went to Paul Kucher's home, about four miles southeast of the city, and there enjoyed a hearty supper.

The C. Q. girls gave a theatre party Friday evening, January 13.

* * *

Miss Helen Caldwell entertained an equal number of boys and girls at her home on Saturday evening, January 14. The guests enjoyed every minute of the time spent in Miss Caldwell's hospitable home.

* * *

The Eta Alpha girls were entertained by Miss Katherine Freese on Saturday,

January 14, at her home on West Wayne street.

* * *

The "Hermits" are rehearsing for a play which they will give early in the spring. Miss Leah Cohen is coaching, and the play promises to be a success, as all other Hermit "doings" have been.

* * *

Donald H. O'Rourke left for Missouri, where he will spend the remainder of the winter. We shall probably have to "show" Don when he returns.

A PROBLEM SOLVED.

There has been a dearth of stories,
And we've always wondered why,
But at last we've solved the problem
Of why they never try.

Mr. Phillips, the great writer,
Has been shot dead near his club,
By a lowly violinist,
Who caused a great hubbub.

Are you afraid the same will happen
If you be so indiscreet
As to scribble for our Caldron,
As he did to earn his meat?



EXCHANGE

We acknowledge the following exchanges: The Argus, Findlay, Ohio; The Berne Budget; The Crimson, Goshen; The Kodak, Everette, Wash.; Ink Spots, Mason City, Ia.; Columbine, Cripple Creek; Oracle, Cincinnati; Mercersburg Magazine; Pennant, Elkhart; Pennant, Lebanon; Pennant, Meridian, Conn.; Ottawa, Ottawa, Ill.; Lesbian Herold, Woman's College, Fredericks-Md.; Said and Done, Muskegon, Mich.; Review, Shamokin, Penn.; Retina, Toledo; High School Register, Omaha; Scout, Muskogee, Oklahoma; World, Central High School, St. Paul, Minn.; Whims, Broadway High School, Seattle, Wash.; Coyote; Oak; Sibyl.

The Pennant, Elkhart—You certainly have fine stories and an abundance of good material in all departments.

The stories in your last edition were large in number and great in quality.

Crimson, Goshen—Your exchange column is very original this month.

The Scout—Your Calendar must be very interesting to those who know the people mentioned.

Whims—As yet we have found nothing wrong with your last issue.

Coyote—A few cuts would greatly improve your last issue.

Sibly, Riverside, Colo.—The six stories in your last issue show that you have

literary talent. The remainder of your paper is just as interesting.

Columbine—A trifle better arrangement would improve your paper wonderfully.

Coyote, Sioux Falls, S. D.—There are many interesting items in your paper,

but where are your artists. Surely it does not speak well for them when there is not a single cut.

Mercersburg Academy—We always await your paper with interest, because of the excellent stories which it always contains.

EXCHANGE JOKES.

"I am going over to comfort Mrs. Brown," said Mrs. Jackson to her daughter, May. Mr. Brown had hung himself in the attic.

"Oh, mother, don't you know you always say the wrong thing?"

"Yes, I'm going, May; I'll just talk about the weather; that's a safe enough subject."

Mrs. Jackson went over to her visit of condolence.

"We have been having rainy weather lately, haven't we, Mrs. Brown?" she asked.

"Yes," replied the widow. "I haven't been able to get the week's washing dried yet."

"Oh, replied the widow, "I shouldn't think you would have any trouble. You have such a nice attic to hang things in."

The little boy sat on the park bench and swung his feet.

"I'll tell you my name if you'll tell me yours," he said.

"Well, all right; what is it?" she said.

"Lemme Kishew, What's yours?"

"Allie Wright."

And she dug her little toes into the ground and waited.

"The trouble with this tooth," said the dentist, probing it with a long, slender instrument, "is that the nerve is dying."

"It seems to me, doctor," groaned the victim, "you ought to treat the dying with a little more respect."

A city boy, who was taken into the country and shown some swine for the first time in his life, was told that they were called hogs.

City Boy—"My! Isn't that a good name for them?"

Student—"Teacher, may I raise the window?"

Teacher—"Certainly; many failures are caused by the presence of too much hot air."

"What is the height of your ambition?"

"Don't know exactly; about five foot three, I should say at a guess."

Hogan—"Where did I get that black eye? Oh, I'm just after being initiated."

Kelly—"Into what society?"

Hogan—"In the society of me mother-in-law."

Here's to the Freshman,
Nice and green;
Here's to the Sophomore,
Scarcely seen;
Here's to the Junior,
We abhor;
Here's to the Senior,
Soon no more.

To flunk is human, to pass divine.—
Ex.

Weather forecast:

Continued fair—A girl who uses powder.

Storm warning—An intoxicated husband, bound for home.

Cold wave—A Chicago man about to propose to a Boston heiress.

Threatening and warmer—A mother about to spank her son.

Showers and thunder storms—A lover's quarrel.

A gentleman who was a regular attendant at church was dining with a few friends on Saturday night and remained out rather late. The next morning on entering the church he said to the usher:

"Is this pie occupewed?"

The usher, who had also been out a little late the night before, said:

"Just follow me, and I will sew you to a sheet."

"See here, Waiter, I found a collar button in my pie."

"Didn't see nothing of an umbrella, did you, Boss? Dar was one lost here this morning."

"What happened when you asked her father for her hand?"

"He said, 'There is the door, get'—and kicked me on the impulse of the moment."

Axioms recently discovered:

1. Recitation is the science of bluffing.
2. If zero is added to zero the result is flunk.
3. Zeros are always equal, though they never coincide.
4. A teacher is a many-sided polygon and equal to anything.
5. A proposition is a general term for that which confronts a Senior at the end of the term.

SUMMER.

They stood beside the elm tree,
And heard the singing lark;
And then to bind their friendship,
He cut "Mary on the bark."

AUTUMN.

Back to town they both had come,
And when they chanced to meet,
The self-same girl, with feeling none,
Cut "Willie" on the street.

'11—"When I graduate I will get a position at \$10,000 per."

'12—"Per what?"

'11—"Perhaps."

Justice—"What were you doing in that coop?"

Rastus—"Well, Judge, I was just taking the census."—Ex.

Johnny—"Pa, what is the Board of Education?"

Pa—"When I went to school it was a pine shingle."—Ex.

Such a trim and dainty maiden

Ambled down my way;

'Neath her hat I glanced so shyly—

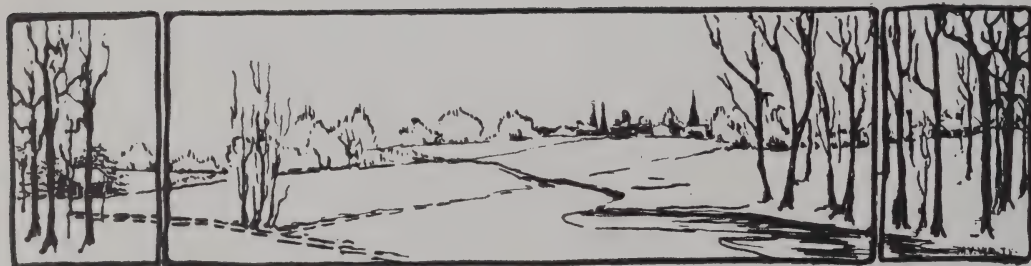
Sixty, if a day.

Now love thy neighbor as thyself,

But leave his "Caldron" alone;

For that same neighbor may get wise,

And say, "Go buy your own."



Snow White Washing

— DONE WITH —

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BEN LEHMAN PROP.

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Miss Kolb was showing pictures to the class.

Viola Welty—"Where is Mary Stuart?"

Miss Kolb—"Why, I don't know where Mary is; many people disagree."

Mr. Von K. (after an exceptionally poor recitation)—"Well, I know now that I'm going to heaven. All scientists, all learned men, all the old writings, and even the Bible, say that a man can't go to purgatory twice."



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La Vern 10c Cigar

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920 Calhoun Street.

Miss Sihler (taking the role)—“Can you see any one who is absent?”

Gen. Gordon in 9B Comp.—“My friend entered sitting down.”



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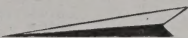
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COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS, DANCE PROGRAMS.

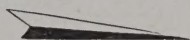
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